

Serendipity

by The Glass Sea

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Summary: The story of a boy who was raised by dragons, but is cursed with the destiny to change the fate of the world. This is the story of Hiccup Horrendous Haddock II, and his best friend, Furious.

Hiccup and Furious are written as the movie characters Hiccup and Toothless AUish (on a break, needs rewriting)

1. Fate

****Yeah, a new story!****

****This is the story of Hiccup II, which is taken from the books. However, I have tweaked certain elements, so you can picture Hiccup II as Hiccup III, our lovely movie Hiccup, or Furious as Toothless, Chindhila as Valka, and so on.****

****NOTE: Stoick and Grimbeard the Ghastly are not parallels of one another. While they share some characteristics, they are certainly not meant to be interchangeable in this story.****

>But if you want to picture Stoick as a drunk, greedy, Viking Lord I guess you can.

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><p>Chapter 1: Fate

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><p>He did not realize that he was not destined to enjoy the world for very long. For he was too small, you see. He was a runt...

...if a runt survives till adulthood...he brings with him an unlucky fate, the fate of changing the course of history...

Legend of the Lost Throne of the Wilderwest

* * *

><p>If only he hadn't been so small.<p>

If only he hadn't been born so early, if only he hadn't been a runt, if only he looked a little more like his father.

Maybe he wouldn't have been named Hiccup.

Because Hiccup's left a wake of tragedy behind them.

They brought destruction.

They brought war.

They brought death.

* * *

><p>It was the shaking of the bushes that gave him away.<p>

Furious smiled, revealing his pink, toothless gums. He crouched down, his tail sweeping back and forth before he pounced. He landed atop of a young human child, who screeched. The two wrestled, the dragon pawing at the boy, the boy clinging to whatever appendage he could. This lasted only a few moments before Furious pinned his human brother down.

He roared his triumph, while Hiccup flailed beneath him, protesting and squirming until Furious stopped him with a large, well-placed lick on the face. Hiccup gasped, sputtering, wiping his face against his brother. "Ewww!"

The Night Fury threw back his head, snorting with a rumbling laughter. He got off of Hiccup, who barreled into him. Furious fell onto his back, moaning. "I'm dying! You got me!" The dragon fell still and Hiccup stopped his assault.

"You're lying!" The child proclaimed. He tried tickling the dragon, which invoked no response. Hiccup stuck a hand into Furious' mouth, and still the dragon was unmoving and silent.

Hiccup leaned close, trying to detect breathing. One acid green eye popped open, and Furious grabbed his brother with his paws, and smothered him against his chest. They continued on like this, until Hiccup was wheezing and breathless.

A dragon and a human playing together was a rare sight in the Archipelago. There hadn't been a fight between vikings and dragons in many years, not since Grimbeard the Ghastly had enslaved the dragons.

However, none of that mattered to the young pair as they played around. They knew nothing of the world, or of slavery.

Slavery was what would destroy them both.

* * *

><p>Five years earlier...

The land of Tomorrow stretched out as far as the eye could see. It claimed all of the islands in the Archipelago, as well as a large part of the mainland. All of this was Grimbeard the Ghastly's domain.

Grimbeard had been the chief of the Hooligan tribe. However, when he became the King of the Wilderwest, the island of Berk had become too small for him. So he had burgled and conquered and pirated his way throughout the Archipelago, killing or enslaving any people who weren't Vikings. It was with the land he conquered and the people and dragons he enslaved that he built Tomorrow.

Tomorrow was glorious, a land that rivaled Rome in all of its splendor.

Grimbeard was observing his world, and took another sip of his beer. Today had been the naming ceremony for his youngest son. He smiled. In a few minutes, the one problem in his life would be gone, and he would be celebrated by his people even more than before.

The boy was his son, yes, his own flesh and blood, but allowing a runt to survive would be suicide. The boy, as all runts were, would be given back to the gods, and Odin would continue to smile upon Tomorrow.

The King of the Wilderwest turned to his wife, cradling the baby in her arms while she slept. She had rushed around like mad, preparing this and that for the naming ceremony, and between that and taking care of Thugheart, Chucklehead, and the new baby had completely worn her out.

Carefully, he lifted the boy out of his mother's arms. Neither woke, much to his relief. He wasn't quite sure that Chindhilda was going to take to well to her third son being sacrificed to the gods.

Grimbeard placed the baby in its basket, and walked out of their house, wondering if he should get an ale or not on his way down to the dragon stables.

It was a delightful day for a flight. It wasn't too cold, and a warm breeze was in the air. Grimbeard saddled his Rumblehorn, holding the baby basket in his lap, and was off.

* * *

><p>And that's that!
>I have nothing else to say.

2. Grimler than Ghastly

Short chapter. Sorry.

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><p>Chapter 2: Grimler than Ghastly**

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><p>Hiccup watched the sky above pass him by as they flew. His little fingers reached up and out towards a fluffy pink cloud.<p>

Grimbeard payed no attention to his son in the basket in front of him. His mind was already on the island on the horizon, where he would leave his burden forever.

The island was uninhabited by humans, and thus was overrun by dragons. It was the perfect place to leave the baby, without worrying that he would survive. Just another few minutes, and then his worries would be over. Tragedy avoided.

The King of the Wilderwest set the baby in the basket down among a cluster of heather. Hiccup cooed, raising his fists out to the touch the heather above him. Grimbeard didn't spare his son another glance, and turned away.

On the flight back home, he thought about what he'd like for dinner. Some wild boar he had speared, maybe? Or perhaps a stuffed chicken...

* * *

><p>Hiccup laid in his little basket, smiled up at the heather, reaching out to grab handfuls of the plant. He was mostly unsuccessful, as his little fingers weren't quite good at grasping objects yet.<p>

Quite some time passed, and Hiccup waited for his mother to come and take him home. He was hungry, and tired, and rather cranky now. The baby hollered out once.

No response. Only the whisper of a breeze through the heather.

He called out again, and again, but the face of his mother didn't appear.

The baby waited only a few moments before he began to cry, wailing into the night. Still no one came to his aid, and soon his blanket was tangled around him, his face wet, and he was more exhausted then before.

It was not until he saw a dark shadow flirt across the red sky did he cease his screams. Something deep down told him that he was alone, he was unprotected, he was vulnerable.

Hiccup fisted at his blankets, watching as the stars came out one by one. He watched the dark, swooping figured of dragons flying overhead, until the sky grew so dark he could no longer see them.

A shadow appeared above him, and Hiccup found himself face to face with a huge, yellow-eyed Grimler dragon. This Grimler dragon had spotted the child from the air, and had swooped down, hoping for a easy meal.

He was not disappointed. He opened his jaws, ready to snatch up the human baby, but stopped. Instead, he took the rim of the basket into his claws, and flew off. A plan was forming in the dragons mind, and he dove into a cave.

Another Grimler dragon, a female, was holding tight to a clutch of eggs, cradled in wings and talons. She was cooing over them, pleading for them to return to her, begging the to life. But the eggs were cold and lifeless in her scales, she had lost all of them.

Her mate dropped the baby basket before her, hoping to get some reaction out of her. She had been ignoring or lashing out at him ever since the eggs had gone cold, and all he could do was hope that this human child would help.

She snarled at him, then at the baby. Worthless thing. Why had this creature been brought to her cave? She raised a free talon to shred the baby, but paused. Hiccup was staring up at her, and he grabbed onto her claw with a giggle. The laughter only brought back memories of the hatchlings she had raised when she was younger.

The Grimler dragon put down the eggs slowly, her full attention on the Viking baby. She sniffed at him, and he put two, small hands on her snout. Her mate collected up the eggs, while the other was distracted. He flew off to go bury them in the marshlands.

She pretended not to notice, instead focusing on her new hatchling, who snuggled up against her happily.

* * *

><p>Thank you to the beautiful people who reviewed, favorited, and followed this lump. I love you all so much! You make my day!

End
file.